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DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND LITERATURE.

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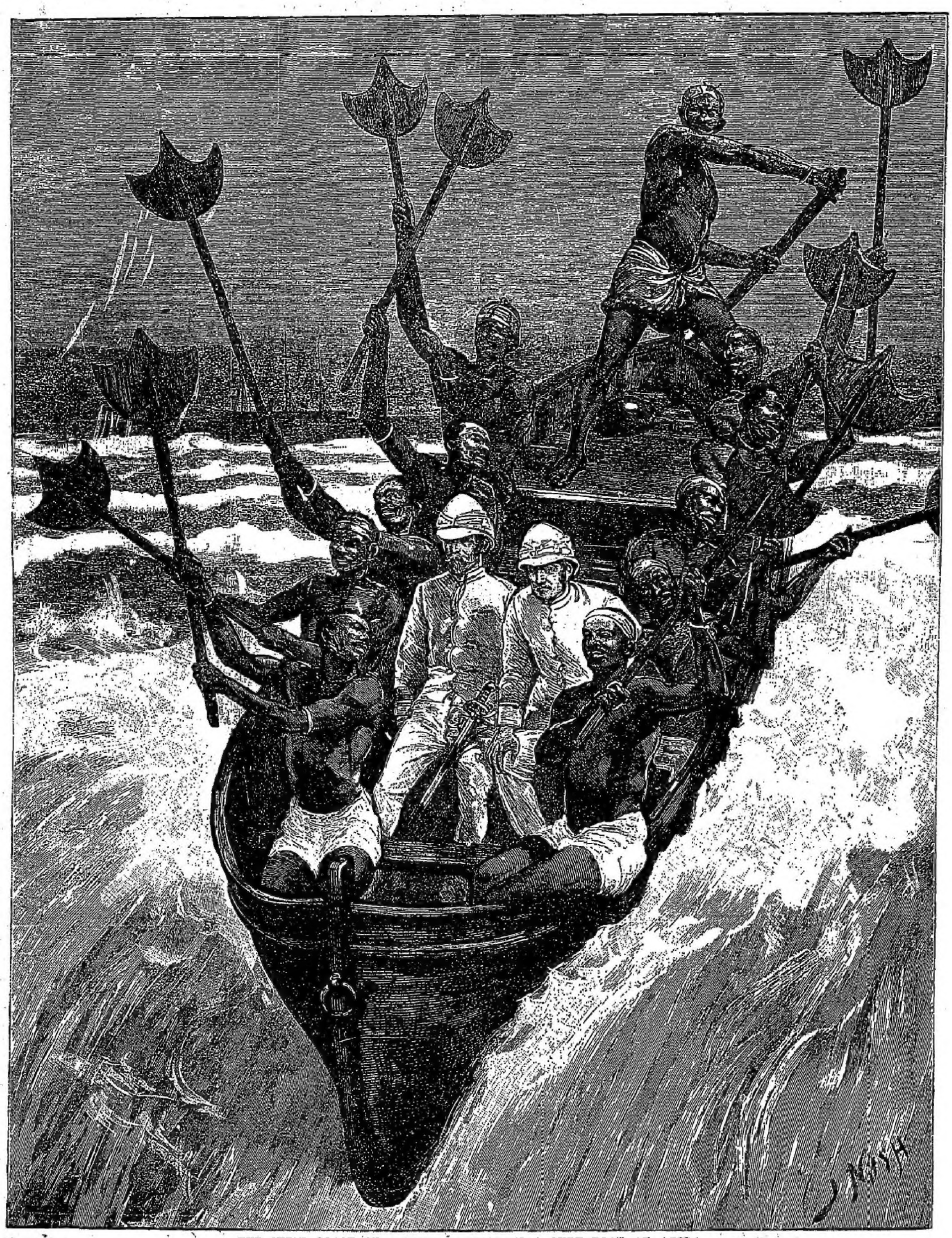


THE WEST COAST OF AFRICA—LANDING IN A SURF BOAT AT ACCRA.

AUBERT GALLERY QUE
W. M. Pozer 31x91

AN AFRICAN SURF BOAT.

This spirited picture is from a sketch sent to the *Graphic* from a man-of-war stationed off the island of Fernando Po, in the Bight of Biafra, on the west coast of Africa.

Amongst the anchorages in open roadsteads on the west coast of Africa is that of Accra, the seat of the Government of the Gold Coast. Owing to the heavy surf breaking all along the beach, it is impossible to land in any ordinary ship's boat; and, therefore, on the ship hoisting the signal—the Zanzibar ensign at the fore—a native surf boat shoves off from the shore to meet the approaching ship's boat just beyond the surf.

Having received its living freight, the surf boat commences her return to the shore. She is a large, strongly-built open boat, manned by ten natives with short wooden paddles, and steered by a "boatswain," who uses an ordinary oar in place of a rudder.

As the boat is propelled through the water by the paddles, the crew keep time with a musical chant. Nearing the beach, the boat arrives amongst the breakers, and then comes the tug of war. The "boatswain," with every nerve and muscle strained, steers her with unerring eye, the crew with a will work their paddles and shoot her like a rocket through the heavy surf. At last, within from twenty to thirty yards from the shore, the song ceases and the paddles are stopped, until a huge breaker comes up surging and roaring from astern. As it reaches the surf boat, it lifts her on its crest like a cork; the crew throw up their paddles with a loud yell; and almost before you are aware of it, the boat is landed on the sandy beach, and you are in the arms of two stalwart natives who—with or against your will—carry you up clear of the succeeding wave, which sometimes turns the boat completely over.

"TAKE YOUR CHOICE."

SERMON BY "SAM" JONES AT THE NATIONAL PROHIBITION PARK, STATEN ISLAND.

"Sam" Jones, the revivalist, recently preached a characteristic sermon at the National Prohibition Park on Staten Island. Mr. Jones took as his text the words, "Choose you this day whom ye will serve," etc.

"If some man puts an orange and an apple on this desk," he said, "and tells me to take my choice, if I have sense I know that he means take one and leave the other. He doesn't mean take both. Now, God puts Christ and purity and usefulness and heaven on one side, and the world, the flesh and the devil on the other, and says: 'Take your choice.' The great weakness of the church is that so many step right up and try to take both.

"There are two classes of Christians in this world. One man expects the Lord to do it all. He sits back and says he proposes to let the Lord do the good work for himself and the rest of mankind. The other man doesn't ask any odds of the Lord. He proposes to do it all himself. He'll tote his own skillet. As between these two classes, I have more respect for the fellow that wants to do it all.

"Now, you all know what a nubbin of corn is—a little, dried-up, imperfect ear. It's an ear that grows on the stalk that shoots up where the weeds grow and the hoeing isn't done. A nubbin will grow on a patch of ground where God does all the work, or where man does all the work, but you never saw an ear of corn of decent size that it didn't take the work of both God and man to make it. A good ear needs sunshine and cultivation. The man who wants to set back in this world and let God do it all will be nothing but a nubbin—a nubbin on earth and a nubbin in heaven—a little fellow. And the man who doesn't ask any odds of God, but wants to do it all himself, he'll be a nubbin, too."

Mr. Jones dwelt at considerable length on the proposition that man himself must do a good deal of the work that is to be done in preparing himself for heaven. He walked up and down the platform as he spoke, and at times his remarks met responsive Amens from the listeners.

"My brother once met," he said, "an unconverted hardshell, and an unconverted hardshell is the worst form I ever found the devil in. This hardshell was asked to come to church, and he replied that he'd been listening for sixty years to hear the still small voice and didn't hear it. 'Well,' said my brother, 'you had better get up closer or pick out your ears. You're foolish to stand there listening for sixty years and hearing nothing.' That night he came to the revival service and came up to the anxious seat. He testified that Methodism had done more for him in ten minutes than hardshellism had in sixty years.

"Men can choose what sort of Christians they will be; you can be a first-rate Christian or a tenth-rate one. Most of you know that you can be tenth-rate Christians because you've tried it and found out that it's not only a possibility but a fact. You can do that sort of thing very comfortably and you have more company while you're at it.

"Did you ever go to a ministers' meeting on Monday morning? I have. The ministers meet and they make their report like this: 'I had a good service, I preached from such and such a text. There was a good attendence and one joined by letter.' One joined by letter! That's an admission by that minister that, after fishing for nobody knows how long, he only got one fish, and he had to take him off somebody else's string.

I understand that by actual mathematics it has been shown that we send to the heathen countries 13,000 barrels of whiskey to one missionary. The devil doesn't care how many missionaries you send if you send that amount of whiskey along with them.

"They say you can't catch small-pox from persons who have the varioloid. Now the trouble is we've got the varioloid kind of Christianity. It ain't catching.

"Give me a man who says he has just been converted and has begun to have family prayers at home every day, and gives just as much as he can afford to missions and the support of the church at home, and goes to prayer-meeting every night there is one, or produces a doctor's certificate that he wasn't able to be there, and that man will make a first-class Christian. Suppose you pastors that are here to-day, wanted to take those members of your congregation that answered that description out driving some day. I imagine you could go in a sulky with the entire lot. Some of you could take them all on a bicycle, and some of you wouldn't be entitled to ride yourselves.

"I've come to this conclusion deliberately, that we'll never take this country for God with the crowd we've got. We've got plenty of Methodists, and Episcopalians, and Baptists, and Catholics, but not genuine Christianity enough to carry one county for God. It's the same all over the country. I've been in forty States of this Union preaching and holding revival meetings, and I've made up my mind, after looking the situation over, that we'll never take this country for God with the ministers and the Christians we have on hand. There's the same condition in the religious world there is in the financial world, where the rich are growing richer and the poor are growing poorer. The good are getting better and the wicked are getting worse. The only difference is, in the religious world we've no Jay Gould; that is, there's nobody who is up so high.

"Heaven and hell are at the opposite ends of the same road. It isn't a question of whether you're in the road, but which way are you going. If you're going toward heaven it's about like going up Broadway at certain times of the day. It's hard work because you meet so many people. About nine out of ten of them are coming toward you."

Mr. Jones, in conclusion, gave a temperance talk to parents. "A man with six children, as I have," he said, "can't afford to be a sinner, even if there's no God or heaven or hell. If you swear before your little children, the time will come when you'll wish you had been dead and in hell before you ever had a child. The great question to-day is not the tariff, nor the rule of Tammany Hall, nor free coinage, but children. I don't care how fine a house you live in in Fifth avenue or how much of New York you own, if your son comes staggering home at night or your daughter is married to a drunkard who is dragging her down, you can't have rest or peace."—*New York Times.*

SUPPLY THE DEFICIENCY.

See what is lacking to make your Sabbath-school a success, and seek to supply the want. Is it a good library? Then go to work to procure it. Is it more enthusiasm? Then begin with yourself and bring others under the power of your influence. Is it more teachers? Then try the effect of your persuasion and acquaintanceship. Is it more spiritual energy? Then flee to the mercy-seat and secure the baptism of the Holy Spirit. Is it more united co-operation? Then do your best to bring superintendent and teachers into more harmonious relations. Is it more systematic work? Then call attention to the need and get the wise heads to devise a suitable plan of operation. Is it good music? Then endeavor to get some one to train the young voices and to act as leader. Whatever the deficiency, do your utmost to supply it.—*Sunday School Times.*

THE ART OF PUTTING THINGS.

Teachers should study the art of putting things in moderate terms. Scholars learn that Naaman was "Captain of the host of the king of Syria." But when the teacher says, "he was General of the Syrian army," the boys open their eyes with a new interest. Why, they think, Naaman in Syria was like General Grant in America. General Grant possessed every honor; but he had a cancer in the throat, and all the doctors in the world could not cure him. He must die. Naaman could not be healed by any doctor, but God healed him. No one in the world can cure us of sin; but the Lord Jesus can make us whole.—*Sunday-school World.*

THE ONLY SOLID, sure, eternally permanent reformation there is—if it is slow—is what each one begins and perfects in himself.—*Journal of Education.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

LESSON IV.—OCTOBER 25, 1891.

CHRIST COMFORTING HIS DISCIPLES.

John 14: 1-3, 15-27.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 1-3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."—John 14: 16.

HOME READINGS.

M. John 13: 18-38.—Warning to Judas and Peter.
T. 1 Cor. 10: 1-15.—Written for our Admonition.
W. John 14: 1-11.—Christ Comforting his Disciples.
Th. 2 Cor. 1: 1-12.—Comforted in all Tribulation.
F. John 14: 15-31.—Another Comforter Promised.
S. 2 Cor. 4: 1-16.—Paul's Comfort in Distress.
S. 2 Cor. 5: 1-11.—Absent from the Body—Present with the Lord.

LESSON PLAN.

I. The Father's House. vs. 1-3.
II. The Other Comforter. vs. 15-21.
III. The Blessed Peace. vs. 22-27.

TIME. A. D. 30, Thursday evening. April 6; Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

PLACE.—An upper room in Jerusalem.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

The disciples were greatly troubled at what Jesus had said about leaving them. He therefore spoke these words for their comfort. V. 1 *Ye believe in God*—rather, *Believe in God*—in his love, power and faithfulness. *Believe also in me*—do not lose faith in me as the Messiah. V. 2. *In my Father's house*—heaven. *Many mansions*—room for all. *I go to prepare a place*—his leaving them was for their sake. V. 3. *I will come again*—referring primarily to his second coming, but applying also to each believer at his death. Luke 23: 43; Phil. 1: 23. V. 16. *Another Comforter*—or Advocate. V. 17. *The spirit of truth*—the Holy Spirit. *The world cannot receive*—1 Cor. 2: 14. V. 18. *Comfortless*—or "orphans." *I will come to you*—in the Holy Spirit whom I will send. V. 19. *Ye shall live also*—in the spiritual and eternal life, over which death has no power. V. 20. *At that day*—Pentecost and thenceforward. V. 23. *Make our abode with him*—the indwelling of the Father and the Son through the Spirit. V. 26. *In my name*—as my representative, taking my place.

QUESTIONS.

Introductory.—What is the title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. THE FATHER'S HOUSE. vs. 1-3.—Why did the disciples need comfort? What did Jesus say to them? Why should their faith give them comfort? What further comfort did he give them? Why did he leave his disciples? For whom is heaven prepared? What did he say of his return?

II. THE OTHER COMFORTER. vs. 15-21.—What did Jesus require as proof of his disciples' love? What did he promise to do? Who was this other *Comforter*? What special advantage would there be in the exchange of the one Comforter for the other? By what name does Jesus call this Comforter? What does he say of him? What further does Jesus promise them? To what coming does he refer? What does he promise them in v. 19? How may those who love Christ be known? What is his promise to such?

III. THE BLESSED PEACE. vs. 22-27.—What did Judas say to him? What did Jesus answer? What did he say of those who do not love him? Of his teachings? What will be the work of the Comforter? With what benediction does the lesson close?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That we should trust in God in the darkest hour.
2. That Jesus is preparing a home in heaven for all who believe in him.
3. That he will come for them and take them to himself.
4. That if we love Christ we will keep his commandments.
5. That we may have the abiding presence of the Holy Spirit as our Comforter and Guide.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What reason did Jesus give his disciples for leaving them? Ans. I go to prepare a place for you.
2. What did he promise them? Ans. I will come again and receive you unto myself.
3. What comforting promise did he give them? Ans. I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever; even the Spirit of truth.
4. What comforting words close our lesson? Ans. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

LESSON V.—NOVEMBER 1, 1891.

CHRIST THE TRUE VINE.

John 15: 1-16.

COMMIT TO MEMORY VS. 4-5.

GOLDEN TEXT.

"Herein is my Father glorified, that ye bear much fruit."—John 15: 8.

HOME READINGS.

M. John 15: 1-16.—Christ the True Vine.
T. John 15: 17-27.—Christ's Commandment of Love.
W. Mark 12: 1-12.—Fruit Sought.
Th. 1 John 3: 11-24.—Love, not in Word, but in Deed.
F. 1 John 4: 1-21.—"God Dwelleth in Us."
S. Eph. 2: 1-22.—By Grace are Ye Saved.
S. Eph. 4: 1-16.—"In the Unity of the Faith."

LESSON PLAN.

I. Branches in Christ vs. 1-7.
II. Disciples of Christ. vs. 8-11.
III. Friends of Christ. vs. 12-16.

TIME.—A. D. 30, Thursday evening, April 6; Tiberius Cæsar emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate governor of Judea; Herod Antipas governor of Galilee and Perea.

PLACE.—An upper room in Jerusalem.

HELP IN STUDYING THE LESSON.

This lesson continues our Lord's farewell address. V. 1. *I am the true vine*—the original genuine vine, including in himself all the parts. V. 2. *Every branch in me*—every professed disciple. *Beareth not fruit*—liveth not a holy life. *Purgeth*—"cleanseth" by pruning. This he does by his word, ordinances, Spirit, providences. V. 4. *Abide in me*—by faith, love and obedience. *I in you*—by the Spirit. V. 5. *Without me* "apart from me." V. 6. *Cast forth*—cut off and cast away as useless. Matt. 7: 19; 13: 21-30, 36-43. V. 11. *Might remain in you*—rather, "may be in you," as an experience common with my own. V. 15. *I call you not servants*—I do not treat you as servants, but as *friends*, in telling you my plans and intentions. V. 16. *I have chosen you*—our choice of Christ is the fruit of his choice of us. 1 John 4: 10, 19. *Ordained*—appointed. *Bring forth fruit*—be rich in good works.

QUESTIONS.

INTRODUCTORY.—What was the subject of the last lesson? Title of this lesson? Golden Text? Lesson Plan? Time? Place? Memory verses?

I. BRANCHES IN CHRIST. vs. 1-7.—To what did Jesus liken himself; To what did he liken his Father? Who are the branches? What is done with branches that bear no fruit? What will be done with us if we live useless lives? What is done with fruitful branches? Why do branches need pruning? For what purpose does God send trials and afflictions? What is it to abide in Christ? What is it for Christ to abide in us? What will be done with those who do not abide in Christ? What is promised to those who abide in him?

II. DISCIPLES OF CHRIST. vs. 8-11.—How is the Father glorified? What is the test of discipleship? What did Jesus say of his love? What did he command his disciples? How were they to abide in his love? What example did he set before them? Why did he say these things?

III. FRIENDS OF CHRIST. vs. 12-16.—What commandment did he give? What would be the greatest proof of love? How is Jesus' love greater than any man's? Rom. 5: 8-10. How will his friends show their friendship? How were his disciples *friends* rather than *servants*? How did he set forth his love for them? By whose choice do persons become Christ's friends? For what had Jesus ordained them? What had this to do with prayer?

WHAT HAVE I LEARNED?

1. That union with Christ is the source of spiritual life and fruitfulness.
2. That without Christ we can do nothing.
3. That obedience to Christ is the proof of our being disciples.
4. That those who reject and turn away from Christ will be destroyed.
5. That those who cling close to him will have every want supplied.

QUESTIONS FOR REVIEW.

1. What did Christ say of himself and his disciples? Ans. I am the vine, ye are the branches.
2. What is done with unfruitful branches? Ans. Every branch in me that beareth not fruit he taketh away.
3. What is done with fruitful branches? Ans. Every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit.
4. What does Christ promise those who abide in him? Ans. Ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.
5. What does he give as the test of friendship to him? Ans. Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

OUT OF THE WAY.

Jamie's feet are restless and rough,
Jamie's fingers cause disarray,
Jamie can never make noise enough,
Jamie is told to get out of the way.

Out of the way of beautiful things,
Out of the way of his games and toys,
Out of the way with his sticks and strings,
Out on the street, with the other boys!

Easy to slip from home restraint,
Out of the mother's care, into the throng,
Out of the way of fret and complaint,
Out in the fun—borne swiftly along!

Out of the way of truth and right,
Out with the bold, the reckless, the gay,
Out of the purity into the night—
Mother, your boy is out of the way!

Out into darkness, crime and woe!
Mother, why do you weep to-day?
Weep that Jamie has sunk so low,
You who sent him out of your way!

Pray you, mother, to be forgiven!
And for your boy, too, pray, oh, pray!
For he is out of the way to heaven—
Yes, he is surely out of the way!

—*Youth's Companion.*

HINTS FOR MONEY-MAKING GIRLS.

Hundreds of thousands of girls have a great desire to make a little money, and I don't know whether to call it a laudable one or not. I am not a believer in girls going out into the world to work unless it is absolutely necessary. But when it is, then I want them to do it in the right way; I want them to think that every particle of work they do is done not only for their own sakes, not only for their employers—it must be right and honest in the sight of God. A very clever woman not very long ago wrote an article about working women, and in it she used this beautiful quotation of Ruskin's:—"Queens you always should be. Queens to your lovers, to your husbands, to your sons; queens of a higher mystery to the world beyond." But she did not put the rest of the quotation, and in that lies the story of the non-success of many girls. This is it—"But, alas! you are too often idle and careless queens, grasping at majesty in the least things, while you abdicate in the greatest."

With only the hope of making money your work will be worth little, and certainly not be worthy of consideration by noble minds or by the good God who watches over you day and night. You girls hurt yourselves, hurt your work, make it of less value and yourselves less respected because you so entirely draw the line at what you will and what you will not do. That which your hands find to do is the duty before you, and the woman who, employed in a counting-house, finds it but little trouble to keep her desk in order and, when she has time, to straighten up somebody else's who hasn't the time, is the woman whose work is going to be noted and counted as valuable. The woman who, announcing that she must get work or starve, and who yet is not willing to be at her desk at eight o'clock in the morning, deserves to starve. The woman who, knowing that for a certain number of hours she should in honor give her time to her employer, is but a poor worker when ten minutes after the hour finds her arriving, and five minutes before the hour to go away sees her getting her cloak ready and arranging for her out-door costume. The good workman doesn't drop the pen or the hammer at the stroke of the hour; he finishes first that which he is doing, for his heart is in his work, and that's the way it must be with you, girls, if you want to succeed and make even "a little money."—*The Ladies' Home Journal.*

A KITCHEN HINT.

Do weary housekeepers ever think of the number of steps to be taken in setting the table and clearing it off three times a day, the year round? I have, and so when we built our house I asked the carpenter to make me a stand to carry my dishes on. It has strong legs two inches square, with heavy casters. It is three feet long by two wide, and has two shelves below the top. I need to go to the dining-room but once in getting a meal for a large company. When the table is cleared the stand is rolled to the pantry, the food removed, then it is taken to the kitchen table where the dishes are washed, and where it stands until wanted again. I also find it convenient in house-cleaning. I stand on it and anyone can push me around the room, easily. Try one, and in a few weeks you will wonder how you ever kept house without it.—*Housekeeper.*

HOW TO MAKE DURABLE TABLE MATS.

The materials used are a ball of white corset lacing and No. 40 white cotton.

Cut a 20 inch length from the ball of lacing and mark the centre of the piece cut off.

Commence at one end of the length and roll the lacing toward the marked centre, sewing the roll neatly on one side to hold it in place.

When the centre is reached, take the other end and repeat the operation, only rolling the lacing in the direction opposite from the first.

The figure when completed is a double wheel. See illustration.

Fig. 1.

Make six of these double wheels and one single one. The last made with a 10-inch length of lacing.

Using the single wheel for a centre, sew the end of a double wheel on either side, making a string of five wheels.

Now sew the remaining double wheels in pairs, making two strings of four wheels each, and place one on either side of the first. These thirteen wheels to be used as the centre of the mat. With the lacing, now measure around this centre once and a half, four times, and cut the length so measured, from the ball. Cut this piece in two equal parts and fold each part at its centre. Pin the two folds together on a cushion (or anything to hold them) and make a common four-strand braid, and sew it around the centre of wheels.

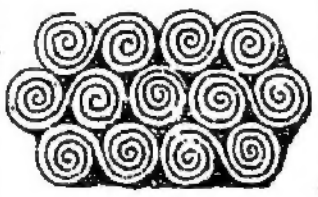


Fig. 2.

Next, measure around braid eight times, find the centre of length, pin down and proceed to make a chain of "True Lovers' Knots" a quarter of an inch apart.

The knot is made thus:

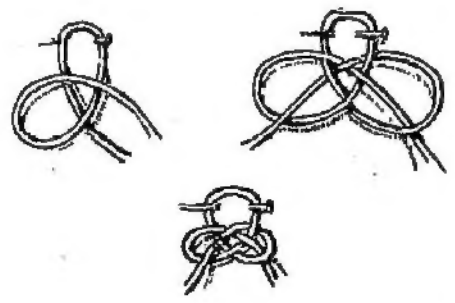


Fig. 3.

The chain when completed to be added to the braid which has just been made.

Now add another row of braid, measuring for it (around the knots) once and a half, four times. Finish with a row of wheels.

This makes a mat measuring about 10x12 inches, and larger or smaller ones can

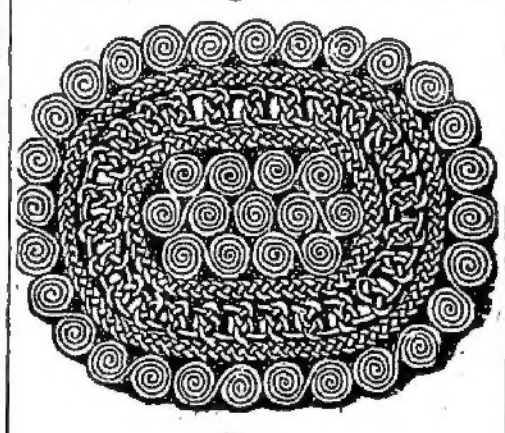


Fig. 4.

be made by increasing or diminishing the number of wheels in the centre. One ball of lacing will make several mats.—*Youth's Companion.*

EARLY HOURS.

Speaking of the importance of everyone securing at the very least eight hours sleep out of the twenty-four, Dr. James H. Jackson says in *the Laws of Life*: The hygiene of sleep is not confined to length of time alone; there are many other points to be considered.

One often hears it said by people who like to sit up late at night and lie in bed late in the morning, that their morning nap is particularly restful and refreshing. This is true, but it is also a fact that for purposes of best recuperation the old adage of "an hour before midnight is worth two after it," points unerringly to the better way, and for this reason: Rest comes from an up-building of the nerve centres and muscular structures, and a general reconstruction of the tissues, including the fluids of the body. This ultimate nutrition, or exchange between the tissues of the body, the blood and excretory fluids, takes place more rapidly and thoroughly before midnight, because at this time there is a more rapid and thorough circulation of the blood, carrying the new material to, and removing the waste and effete matters from the tissues. There is also a greater consumption of oxygen before midnight than after it, until the sleeper shall rise and stir about the next morning. Oxygen is the one thing needed in order that this ultimate nutrition or interchange shall readily and healthfully take place. The heart runs down in force after midnight until sunrise the next morning; the vital processes are slower, the circulation becomes sluggish, and the blood and tissues contain more of waste and poisonous material than earlier in the night. This is demonstrated by the fact that nightmare, dreams, convulsions, croup, attacks of illness, and death, occur more frequently after midnight than before.

One further reason why early sleep is better than late is because the brain or other nerve centres or muscles rest more quickly and thoroughly this side the point of strain or exhaustion than they will the other side; therefore to prolong excitement, study, or fatigue of any sort late into the night is to prejudice recuperation or recovery.

VENTILATION.

Here is a hygienic point not so often or so badly neglected nowadays as formerly, but still wofully disregarded. Sleeping rooms need not necessarily be cold, for the air may be warm and yet fresh and pure. In fact, during cold weather it is objectionable to have the temperature of a sleeping room much lower than it is during the day. But there is a greater necessity at night for pure air than during the day, because less oxygen is inhaled in the recumbent and somnolent state. As a people, during the cooler months of the year we live in too highly heated rooms. Improved conditions of health would result if the air in our artificially heated rooms never reached a temperature above sixty-four degrees Fahrenheit. No one should sleep in a draught, of course, but every bedroom should be provided with some arrangement for withdrawing the foul air as well as for introducing fresh air, so that perfect circulation is secured. The fact must not be overlooked that ultimate nutrition can take place but slowly and imperfectly unless plenty of oxygen is consumed, and that as the consumption of oxygen is less in sleep than at any other time, the greater is the necessity for pure air, in order that nature may have all the materials needed during her hours of recuperation.

THINGS HERE AND THERE.

Cut a piece from the top of old kid shoes and insert it inside the ironing-holder you are going to make.

Something new for the five o'clock teas are large Japanese trays, which stand on a tripod. They will hold a dozen cups and saucers.

Should a child set fire to its clothes, immediately lay it on the floor, and roll it in the hearth-rug or any other heavy woollen article.

To Mend a very large hole in socks or woven underwear, tack a piece of strong net over the aperture and darn over it. Thus mended the garment will be much stronger than when new, and look far neater than if darned in the ordinary way.

The "Journal of Health" says when a person has been out in bad weather, exposed to draughts and the like, and he feels that he has taken cold, the one thing for him to do is to "bundle up" well and walk briskly in the open air until he is in a gentle perspiration. He should then return home, undress quickly in a warm room, take a cup of hot tea, hot lemonade, or hot water, and the chances are that on the following morning he will arise feeling as well as ever.—*Selected.*

RECIPES.

Salmon Salad.—Free the contents of a can of salmon from skin and bone and arrange them on a bed of lettuce leaves. Pour over the salmon half a cup of lemon juice, and serve very cold.

White Icing.—Stir into the unbeaten white of an egg, confectioner's sugar sufficient to make a paste *stiff enough to mold with your fingers.* Spread it on the cake with a knife wet in cold water, and set in a cold place to harden.

Apple Cream.—Boil twelve large apples in water till soft; take off the peel and press the pulp through a hair-sieve upon half a pound of granulated sugar, whip the whites of two eggs, add them to the apples, and beat all together until it becomes very stiff and looks quite white. Serve it heaped up on a dish.

Macaroni.—Break macaroni or spaghetti into inch lengths. Boil it fast in salted boiling water for fifteen minutes. Butter a baking-dish and arrange the macaroni in it in layers, dotting each layer with bits of butter and sprinkling it with pepper and a trifle of ground mustard. Over each layer sprinkle a tablespoonful of grated cheese, preferably English. Use two tablespoonsful for the upper layer. Pour a cup of milk over the whole, and bake twenty minutes in a hot oven.

PUZZLES.—No. 10.

SCRIPTURE EXERCISE.

1. The Lord is righteous, and I and my people are wicked.
2. Thou hast comforted me.
3. Oh, that I were made judge in the land.
4. I will go and see him before I die.
5. If wickedness shall be found in him he shall die.
6. I will not eat until I have told mine errand.

Give now the speakers' names;
One, most unjustly, claims
A royal throne,
Two more are famous kings;
And one some camels brings,
Laden with precious things,
But not his own:
Another told a lie,
And then was forced to fly,
But, ere he came to die,
He was deceived,
His children standing by
Heard his despairing cry,
"I am bereaved."
(Thus find out five.) The other
Brought barley to her mother.
Initials tell what serves to glorify
The name of Him who dwells in light on high.

A CHAPTER OF SCRIPTURE.

1. This chapter opens with the account of a journey taken by a large company from one country to another.
2. It mentions a city to which angels are sent.
3. The name of a river occurs in it which is often mentioned in the Gospels.
4. It contains the account of an act of remarkable humility and generosity on the part of a great man.
5. A city is mentioned where a golden idol was afterwards set up.
6. An act of devotion is recorded.
7. An illustration of each of the following passages may be found in the chapter—Ps. cxii. 1-3; Rom. xii. 18; Jam. iii. 7, see margin.
8. A difficulty is described which was encountered by Isaac, Jacob, and Esau.
9. Some people are mentioned as "sinners," the only time that the word occurs in this book, which is a long one. Pride, luxury, and idleness were among their sins.
10. It relates a very foolish act on the part of a "just" man which brought him into great trouble. This person is mentioned in Peter's second Epistle.
11. The chapter closes with a promise, and the last verse contains the name of a place where a rebel was proclaimed king.
12. The chapter contains but eighteen verses. The names of only two persons are given, but those of ten different places may be found in it.

ONE VOWEL SQUARE.

1. Things left.
2. First cause.
3. Bustle.
4. Obstacle.

Harry W. Jakeway.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.—NUMBER 18.

Scripture Enigma.—Scorner.—Prov. xxi. 24; xxii. 10.

S ling	1 Sam. xvii. 49, 50.
C half	Ps. i. 4.
O strich	Job xxxix. 13, 18.
R ing	Gen. xli. 42.
N et	John xxi. 6.
E uroclydon	Acts xxvii. 14, 40, 41.
R ain	1 Kings xvi. 33; xvii. 1. James v. 17, 18.

Rhymed-Word Square.—

C R A F T
R I F L E
A F T E R
F L E A S
T E R S E

Buried Cities.—1st sentence—Dayton, Concord, Bangor. 2nd sentence—Oswego, Troy, Cleveland. 3rd sentence—Madison, Omaha, Saco. 4th sentence—Auburn, Boston, Lewistown. 5th sentence—Calais, Utica, Rome.

Transpositions.—Cameron, Canmore, Romance, Cremona.

The Family Circle.

DO YOU KNOW THE LOVE OF JESUS?

Do you know the love of Jesus?
Have you leaned upon his breast,
Heard his tender invitation,
"Come, and I will give you rest?"
If you know the love of Jesus,
You will yearn to know it more,
And, with truer consecration,
"Live to serve" as ne'er before.

Do you know the love of Jesus?
Passing knowledge, boundless, free;
Love that made him stoop from heaven
That he might your Saviour be?
If you know the love of Jesus,
If to you has been reveal'd
All his grace and matchless mercy,
Why those lips in silence seal'd?

Do you know the love of Jesus?
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the deepest ocean,
His immeasurable love.
If you know the love of Jesus,
Tell it o'er and o'er again,
Till you bring this priceless treasure
To the dying sons of men.

Do you know the love of Jesus?
Sweetly rest in his embrace,
Growing daily in the knowledge
Of his changeless love and grace.
If you know the love of Jesus,
Why that anxious, fretting care?
Roll on him your every burden,
Tell him all your heart in prayer.

Would you know the love of Jesus?
Would you taste heav'n's sweetest joy?
Would you learn the songs of glory
Which the angel-harps employ?
Think upon this love of Jesus,
Till your heart is all aglow
With a holy, glad surrender,
Thus the love of Jesus know.

—John Burnham in the Christian.

CAPTAIN JANUARY.

(By Laura E. Richards.)

CHAPTER I.—STAR BRIGHT.

The Captain had sold all his lobsters. They had been particularly fine ones, and had gone off "like hot cakes," every one who passed by the wharf stopping to buy one or two. Now the red dory was empty, and the Captain had washed her out with his usual scrupulous care, and was making preparations for his homeward voyage, when he was hailed by a cheery voice from the street.

"Hillo, January!" said the voice. "Is that you? How goes it?" and the owner of the voice, a sturdy man in a blue coat with brass buttons, came down the wharf and greeted the Captain with a hearty shake of the hand.

"How goes it?" he repeated. "I haven't seen ye for a dog's age."

"I'm hearty, Cap'n Nazro!" replied Captain January. "Hearty, that's what I am, an' hopin' you're the same."

"That's right!" said the first speaker. "'Tain't often we set eyes on you, you stick so close to your light. And the little gal, she's well, I expect? She looks a picture, when I take a squint at her through the glass sometimes. Never misses running out and shaking her apron when we go by!"

"Cap'n Nazro," said January, speaking with emphasis, "if there is a pictur in this world, of health, and pootiness, and goodness, it's that child. It's that little un, sir. Not to be beat in this country, nor yet any other, 'cordin' as I've voyaged."

"Nice little gal!" said Captain Nazro, assenting. "Mighty nice little gal! Ain't it time she was going to school, January? My wife and I were speaking about it only the other day. Seems as if she'd oughter be round with other children now, and learning what they do. Mis Nazro would be real pleased to have her stop with us a spell, and go to school with our gals. What do you say?" He spoke very heartily, but looked doubtfully at the old man, as if hardly expecting a favorable answer.

Captain January shook his head emphatically. "You're real kind, Cap'n Nazro!" he said; "real kind,—you and Mis Nazro both are! and she makin' the little un's frocks and pinafores, as is a great help. But I can't feel to let her out o' my sight, nohow; and as for school, she ain't the kind to abear it, nor yet I couldn't for her. She's learnin'!" headded proudly. "Learnin' well! I'll bet there ain't no gal in your school knows more nor that little un does. Won'erful, the way she walks ahead."

"Got the school readers, hey! and teach her yourself, do you?" queried Captain Nazro.

"No, sir!" replied the old man; "I don't have no school readers. The child learns out o' the two best books in the world,—the Bible, and William Shakespeare's book; them's all the books she ever seed—saw, I should say."

"William Shak—" began Captain Nazro; and then he broke off in sheer amazement, and said simply, "Well, I'm blowed!"

"The minister giv 'em to me," said Captain January. "I reckon he knows. There's a dictionary, too," he added, rather sadly; "but I can't make her take to that nohow, though there's a power o' fine words in it."

Then, as the other man remained silent and open-mouthed, he said: "But I must be goin', Cap'n Nazro, sir! The little un'll be lookin' for me. Good day, sir, and thank ye kindly, all the same as if it was to be, which it ain't!" And with a friendly gesture, the old man stepped into his red dory, and rowed away with long, sturdy strokes.

Captain Nazro gazed after him meditatively, took out his pipe and looked at it, then gazed again. "January's cracked," he said; "that's what's the matter with him. He's a good man, and a good lighthouse-keeper, and he's been an able seaman in his day, none better; but he's cracked!"

There is an island off a certain part of the coast of Maine—a little rocky island, heaped and tumbled together as if Dame Nature had shaken down a heap of stones at random from her apron, when she had finished making the larger islands which lie between it and the mainland. At one end, the shoreward end, there is a tiny cove, and a bit of silver sand beach, with a green meadow beyond it, and a single great pine; but all the rest is rocks, rocks. At the further end the rocks are piled high, like a castle wall, making a brave barrier against the Atlantic waves; and on top of this cairn rises the lighthouse, rugged and sturdy as the rocks themselves, but painted white, and with its windows shining like great, smooth diamonds. This is Light Island; and it was in this direction that Captain January's red dory was headed when he took his leave of his brother-captain, and rowed away from the wharf. It was a long pull; in fact, it took pretty nearly the whole afternoon, so that the evening shadows were lengthening when at length he laid down his oars, and felt the boat's nose rub against the sand of the little home-cove. But rowing was no more effort than breathing to Captain January, and it was no fatigue, but only a trifle of stiffness from sitting so long, that troubled him a little in getting out of the boat. As he stepped slowly out upon the firm-grained silver of the little beach, he looked up and around with an expectant air, and seeing no one, a look of disappointment crossed his face. He opened his lips as if to call some one, but checking himself, "Happen she's gettin' supper!" he said. "It's later than I thought. I don't pull so spry as I used ter, 'pears ter me. Wal, thar! 'tain't to be expected. I sh'll be forty years old before I know it."

Chuckling to himself, the Captain drew up the little boat and made her fast; then, taking sundry brown paper parcels from under the thwart, he turned and made his way up toward the lighthouse. A picturesque figure he was, striding along among the heaped and tumbled rocks. His hair and beard, still thick and curly, were absolutely white, as white as the foam that broke over the rocks at the cliff's foot. His face was tanned and weather-beaten to the color of mahogany, but the features were strong and sharply cut, while the piercing blue eyes which gleamed beneath his shaggy eyebrows showed all the fire of youth, and seemed to have no part in the seventy years which had bent the tall form, and rounded slightly the broad and massive shoulders. The Captain wore a rough pea-jacket and long boots, while his head was adorned with a nondescript covering which might have begun life either as a hat or a cap, but would now hardly be owned by either family.

Reaching the house, the old man mounted the rude steps which led to the door, and entered the room which was kitchen, dining, and drawing room at Storm Castle, as the lighthouse was called by its inhabitants. The room was light and cheerful, with a pleasant little fire crackling sociably on the hearth. The table was laid with a clean white cloth, the kettle was singing on the hob, and a little covered saucepan was simmering with an agreeable and suggestive sound; but no one was to be seen. Alarmed, he hardly knew why, at the silence and solitude, Captain January set his parcels down on the table, and going to the foot of the narrow stone staircase which wound upward beside the chimney, called, "Star! Star Bright, where are you? Is anything wrong?"

"No, Daddy Captain!" answered a clear, childish voice from above; "I'm coming in a minute. Be patient, Daddy dear!"

With a sigh of relief, Captain January retired to the fire-place, and sitting down in a huge high-backed arm-chair, began leisurely pulling off his great boots. One was already off and in his hand, when a slight noise made him look up. He started violently, and then, leaning back in his chair, gazed in silent amazement at the vision before him.

On the stone stairway, and slowly descending, with steps that were meant to be stately (and which might have been so, had not the stairs been so steep, and the little legs so short) was the figure of a child: a little girl about ten years old, with a face of almost startling beauty. Her hair floated like a cloud of pale gold about her shoulders; her eyes were blue, not light and keen, like the old man's, but of that soft, deep shadowy blue that poets love to call violet. Wonderful eyes, shaded by long, curved lashes of deepest black, which fell on the soft, rose-and-ivory tinted cheek, as the child carefully picked her way down, holding up her long dress from her little feet. It was the dress which so astonished Captain January. Instead of the pink calico frock and blue checked pinafore, to which his eyes were accustomed, the little figure was clad in a robe of dark green velvet with a long train, which spread out on the staircase behind her, very much like the train of a peacock. The body, made for a grown woman, hung back loosely from her shoulders, but she had tied a scarf of gold tissue under her arms and round her waist, while from the long hanging sleeves her arms shone round and white as sculptured ivory. A strange sight, this, for a lighthouse tower on the coast of Maine! but so fair a one that the old mariner could not take his eyes from it.

"Might be Juliet!" he muttered to himself. "Juliet, when she was a little un. 'Her beauty hangs upon the cheek o' Night,'—only it ain't, so to say, exactly night,—'like a rich jewel in a nigger's ear.' No! that ain't right. 'Nigger' ain't right, 'Ethiop's ear,' that's it! Though I should judge they were much the same thing, and they more frekently wear 'em in their noses, them as I've seen in their own country."

As he thus soliloquized, the little maiden reached the bottom of the stairs in safety, and dropping the folds of the velvet about her, made a quaint little courtesy, and said, "Here I am, Daddy Captain! how do you like me, please?"

"Star Bright," replied Captain January, gazing fixedly at her, as he slowly drew his pipe from his pocket and lighted it. "I like you amazin'. *A*-mazin' I like you, my dear! but it is what you might call surprisin', to leave a little maid in a blue pinafore, and to come back and find a princess in gold and velvet. Yes, Pigeon Pie, you might call it surprisin', and yet not be stretchin' a p'nt."

"Am I really like a princess?" said the child, clapping her hands, and laughing with pleasure. "Have you ever seen a princess, Daddy Captain, and did she look like me?"

"I seed—I saw—one, once," replied the captain, gravely, puffing at his pipe. "In Africky it was, when I was fust mate to an Indiaman. And she wa'n't like you, Peach Blossom, no more than Hyperion to a Satyr, and that kind o' thing. She had on a short petticut, comin' half-way down to her knees, and a necklace, and a ring through her nose. And—"

"Where were her other clothes?" asked the child.

"Wal—maybe she kem off in a hurry and forgot 'em!" said the captain, charitably. "Anyhow, not speakin' her language, I didn't ask her. And she was as black as the ace of spades, and shinin' all over with butter."

"Oh, that kind of princess!" said Star, loftily. "I didn't mean that kind, Daddy. I meant the kind who lived in fretted palaces, with music in th' enamelled stones, you know, and wore clothes like these every day."

"Wal, honey, I never saw one of that kind, till now!" said the Captain, meekly. "And I'm sorry I hain't—I mean I ain't—got no fretted palace for my princess to live in. This is a poor place for golden lasses and velvet trains."

"It isn't!" cried the child, her face flashing into sudden anger, and stamping her foot. "You sha'n't call it a poor place, Daddy! It's wicked of you. And I wouldn't live in a palace if there were fifty of them all set in a row. So there now!" She folded her arms and looked defiantly at the old man, who returned her gaze placidly, and continued to puff at his pipe, until he was seized in a penitent embrace, hugged, and kissed, and scolded, and wept over, all at once.

The brief tempest over, the child seated herself comfortably on his knee, and said, "Now, Daddy, I want a story."

"Story before supper?" asked the captain, meekly, looking at the saucepan, which was fairly lifting its lid in its eagerness to be attended to. A fresh access of remorseful hugging followed.

"You poor darling!" said Star; "I forgot all about supper. And it's stewed kidneys, too! But oh! my dress!" and she glanced down at her velvet splendor. "I must go and take it off," she said, sadly.

"Not you, Honeysuckle," said the old man, rising and sitting the child down carefully in the chair. "Sit you there, and be real princess, and I will be your steward, and get supper this time. I like to see you in your fine clothes, and 'twould be a shame to take them off so soon."

She clapped her hands again, and settled herself cosily in the great chair, arranged her train with a graceful sweep, and pushed back her cloudy golden hair.

"Shall I really act princess?" she asked,—and without waiting for an answer she began to give orders in lofty tones, holding her head high in the air, and pointing hither and thither with her tiny hands. "Take up the golden chafing-dish, Grumio!" she cried. "The kidneys—I mean the capons—are quite ready now. And the milk—no! the sack,—is in the silver flagon!" she pointed to an ancient blue jug which stood on the dresser.

The obedient captain hastened to take up the saucepan, and soon the frugal supper was set out, and princess and steward doing ample justice to it.

"You didn't say 'Anon! anon! Madam', when I ordered you about," said the Princess, thoughtfully. "You ought to, you know. Servants always do in the book."

"Wal, I didn't think on't," the steward admitted. "I war'n't brought up to the business, you see, Princess. It always seemed to be a foolish thing to say, anyhow: no disrespect to W. Shakespeare. The hull of the world's 'anonymous,' I believe, and the dictionary says that means 'wanting a name.' So altogether, Star Bright, I haven't been able to make much sense out o' that answer."

"Oh, never mind!" said the Princess, tossing her head. "I don' like the dictionary. It's a wretch!"

"So 'tis, so 'tis," assented the Captain, with servile alacrity. "Have some more milk then, Sunshine."

"It isn't milk! it's sack," said the child, promptly, holding out her small yellow mug with a royal air. "Are the capons good, Grumio?"

"They are, my lamb, they are," replied the Captain. "Uncommon good they are, to be sure, and me not knowin' to this day what capons was. A little more? Yes, Pigeon Pie, I will take a little more, thank ye kindly."

(To be Continued.)

THE HEROINE OF MANIPUR.

Last spring the whole English speaking world was thrilled with horror at the news of the massacre at the British Residency of Manipur, Burmah. During a pause in the attack on the Residency Mr. Frank St. Clair Grimwood and four others were invited, under a flag of truce, to confer with a prince styling himself the Maharajah of Manipur. They were conducted to the palace and while there treacherously slaughtered, Mr. Grimwood was speared in the back while walking down the Durbar Hall after their brief interview, Mr. Cossins and Lieutenant Simpson were killed near the door, and Mr. Quinton the Commissioner of Assam, and Colonel Skene were slain at a spot fifty yards distant, within the walled enclosure of the palace. The story of what followed the massacre can best be told in Mrs. Grimwood's own words as given to a correspondent of the *Pall Mall Budget*. She would tell the tale in full some time, she said, to the writer, but not just yet, it was too near, too terribly real, to be discussed in all its details; but some future day, when the dark picture has somewhat paled, and when she can think quietly of the fatal days that ruined her happiness suddenly and completely, and brought death and destruction into the peaceful little camp, she hopes to write a full account of the disaster.

MRS. GRIMWOOD, THE HEROINE OF MANIPUR.

It was a pathetic figure, the writer says, that of the girl-widow, dressed in deep mourning, which makes her tall, slender figure appear taller than she really is. The face is still pale and thin. But it is not the pallor and not the fragility which make it so pathetic. There is a look in the large blue eyes and an expression round the mouth which it is always sad to see in one so young. No smile steals over the fair face; never once the eyes lose the look of sadness, and very often as she speaks the tears are in her voice and brim over in her eyes. She is so natural and simple, as she sits in her low chair with the rows of books behind her; but there is that dignity about her which is said to denote what is generally called "highest breeding," and which is innate refinement and can never be acquired.

"I cannot say much about it yet," she says very quietly, and with a deep sigh. "It is too near. Later on, when all the present excitement about it is over, I hope to write it all down, from first to last, and publish it in book form. But not yet."

"Yes," she went on, musingly, and with a far-away look in her eyes, "it is so near, though sometimes it seems as if it were a long, long time ago since we lived there quietly and peacefully. We were on perfectly friendly terms with the Senaputti; I often rode out with the princes, and there was nothing whatever to warn us of what was coming. When they began to fire at the Residency we had to fly. We stayed as long as we could, but there was nothing else to be done in the end. We had to leave in a terrible hurry; there was no time to pack or take anything, else I should have tried to take my jewellery and valuable things that could easily be carried. I had not even my hat—absolutely nothing except the clothes I wore. My shoes and stockings, which were very thin, were in rags long before we got to British territory, and I had to walk barefoot. My clothes got soiled and torn, and I had to throw away everything I could do without, and all day long we were marching along, trying to get further away. When we were in the jungle it was a little better; but in the open, with the sun pouring down, it was terrible. For the first day and a half we had nothing at all to eat, except roots and leaves that we could find. Sometimes we got food from the natives when we reached a village; but they were not always friendly to us, and when they were hostile we could do nothing but burn their villages, in sheer self-defence. Fortunately, I knew the surroundings well, and I could be a guide to the officers and men with me, all of whom were strangers to me.

"But though they were strangers, I cannot find words to say how kind and thoughtful and considerate they were. One tries to tell of such things, but it is really impossible to express in words what one feels about it. Can you imagine what it was to be the only woman with a number of soldiers, under such circumstances, where privacy of any kind is an impossibility? But they were, one and all, more thoughtful than almost a woman could be. They took off their coats at night that I might be warm; they thought of a thousand little things that would make it a little easier for me; and I truly believe that one and all of them would at any moment have laid down their lives for me. I shall never, never forget what I owe to them." For a moment her voice broke as Mrs. Grimwood said this, but she collected herself almost immediately, and went on.

"One of the officers helped me up every hill for the first two days, and it was only then that I found out that he had a wound in his leg, which all the time must have caused him the most fearful suffering though he said never a word. And it was the same all through for the nine days and nights before we reached British territory. After a few days they got a pony with a man's saddle. I had ridden a great deal, and could ride almost anything; so, with one stirrup thrown over the saddle I could manage, although, as you can imagine, it was not an easy position. Then I rode up the hills, but had to walk down, because they were too steep for riding. Later on they made a kind of tent for me—just a curtain behind which I could sleep at night on a bed made of their coats; that was all the privacy I had. And all the time I did not know what had become of those who had gone to the palace. We had heard rumors from the natives, but knew nothing certain. The first thing I heard after we reached our own territory was what had really happened; and what I heard was the worst I had to fear.

"A dear friend came to meet me in her carriage outside the town. She gave me clothes, and I stayed with her, and she did everything that kindness could do. I got very ill indeed, but I believe that illness saved my reason. I am now getting better and stronger, thank you; but my ankle is still very bad; it takes time to get over such journeys and such experiences."

"No, fortunately I have no children. If there is anything that could have made things worse than they are, it would have been if I had had a little child with me. What would have become of it?"

"And had you been out in Manipur for some time, Mrs. Grimwood?"—"Yes; I was married when I was eighteen, and went there with my husband. All had been pleasant and friendly so far; and then all at once this came, and all was changed."

GOOD ENOUGH FOR HOME.

"Lydia, why do you put on that forlorn old dress?" asked Emily Manners of her cousin, after she had spent the night at Lydia's house.

The dress in question was a spotted, faded, old summer silk, which only looked the more forlorn for its once fashionable trimmings, now crumpled and faded.

"Oh, any thing is good enough for home," said Lydia, hastily pinning on the soiled collar; and twisting her hair into a knot she went to breakfast.

"Your hair is coming down," said Emily.

"Oh, never mind; it's good enough for home," said Lydia, carelessly. Lydia had been visiting at Emily's home, and had always appeared in prettiest morning dresses, and with neat and dainty collars and cuffs; but now that she was back home again she seemed to think that anything would answer, and went about untidy and in soiled finery. At her uncle's she had been pleasant and polite, and had won golden opinions from all; but with her own family her manners were as careless as her dress. She seemed to think that courtesy and kindness were too expensive for home wear, and that anything would do for home.

There are too many people, who, like Lydia, seem to think that anything would do for home; whereas efforts to keep one's self neat, and to treat father, mother, sister, brother and servant kindly and courteously, is as much a duty as to keep from falsehood and stealing.—*Exchange.*

HOW THEY DID IT.

One of the young physicians in a western city says: One year ago, after mature consideration of the subject, my wife and I resolved to lay aside, on the first day of each week, the tenth part of our income. Surrounded as we were by pecuniary difficulties which caused many misgivings at the outset of this experiment, we have persevered, and have enjoyed a blessing in so doing for which we had not looked. Every Saturday evening I have added up the gross receipts for the week; then, deducting all incurred for drugs, instruments, horse-hire, and other items necessary in the practice of medicine, the balance is my income. Of this the tenth part is counted out as the Lord's portion, ready to be placed, on the first day of the week, in a little box which had been set apart as the Lord's sub-treasury in our house. In this way we have, during the past year, never been without something to bestow upon every deserving cause; and the condition of the treasury has often helped us to decide the sometimes difficult question, how much ought we to give to this or that object of benevolence. We have thus been able to give away during the past year more than three times as much as during any previous year, and this without feeling the loss of a penny. We have also enjoyed the responsibility of stewardship with a zest which our former spasmodic charities never gave. We could not now consent to surrender the blessedness which flows from obedience to the Scriptural law of benevolence.—*Standard.*

WRECKS AND WRECKERS OF ANTICOSTI.

"The dreariest, most inhospitable and most destructive island, lying right in the mouth of the noblest, the purest, the most enchanting river on all God's beautiful earth, the great St. Lawrence," is how Mr. J. Macdonald Oxley, of Ottawa, describes Anticosti in a recent article in the *Youth's Companion*.

In ten years, he says, according to official records, there have been as many as one hundred and six wrecks, including seven steamships and sixty-seven sailing-ships or barques, having on board no less than three thousand precious souls, and cargoes worth many millions of dollars.

Years ago, before the Canadian Government erected light-houses and established relief stations, the wrecks were more numerous still, and were rarely unattended with loss of life. But times are better now, and when a wreck occurs, unless it be in one of those terrible winter storms that seem to make this ill-omened isle their centre, the crew generally manage to make the land in safety, where they are well cared for by the Government officials.

Far different was it in 1737, when the French sloop-of-war *La Renommee* stranded upon a cruel ledge of rocks, hardly a mile off shore, about eight leagues from the southern point of Anticosti.

It was in the month of November, just as winter, which could nowhere have been more dreadful than on that bleak, barren shelterless island, was fast closing in. In their mad haste to reach the land,—for the waves were breaking high over the vessel,—the crew took little food with them, although gallant Captain de Freneuse did not forget to take the ship's colors.

When in the gray, grim morning they came to reckon up, they found, to their dismay, that with six months of hopeless captivity before them they had barely enough food for forty days, allowing the scantiest of daily rations to each of the sixty-five men who had survived the shipwreck.

The sequel, as related with simple, graphic pathos by Father Crespel, one of the few who ultimately emerged from the terrible ordeal, constitutes as grand a record of human courage and endurance and as harrowing a history of human suffering as ever has been told.

The poor castaways had nothing but a little canvas to shelter them from the keen, biting blasts. Fever presently broke out amongst them. Then half of them set forth in two small boats to coast around that merciless shore for forty leagues, after which they made a hazardous dash across twelve leagues of open sea to Ningan, where French fishermen were known to winter.

The "jolly-boat" was swamped after they had been five days out, and its thirteen occupants were thus spared further misery. At last, the ice setting in made the progress of the other boat impossible, and they had no alternative but to go into winter quarters and wait for the tardy spring.

With two pounds of damp, mouldy flour and two pounds of unsavory fox-meat per day, these seventeen men, housed in rude huts of spruce boughs, prepared to endure the long agony of winter. Once a week, a spoonful of peas was served out to each man, which constituted such a treat that, as Father Crespel naively puts it, "On those days we had our best meal."

Hunger, cold and disease carried off one by one, as the months dragged themselves along, until, at length, only three still lived, when a band of Indians came just in time to save this remnant from perishing.

All this, and more, is told by heroic Father Crespel with a quaint simplicity, a minuteness of detail, and a perfect submission to the Divine will, that renders his recital extremely touching.

Not less saddening is the story of the stout brig "Granicus," which, in 1828, went to pieces off the east end of the island, also in the month of November. Many of the crew escaped to land, but with little more than the clothing they wore.

Winter soon closed in upon them. No succor came. Their provisions gave out, and what followed may be judged from the awful sight that met the eyes of some Government officials when the following spring they stumbled across a rude hut strewn with human skeletons, and, in the pot that hung over the long-dead ashes, some bones that were not those of an animal.

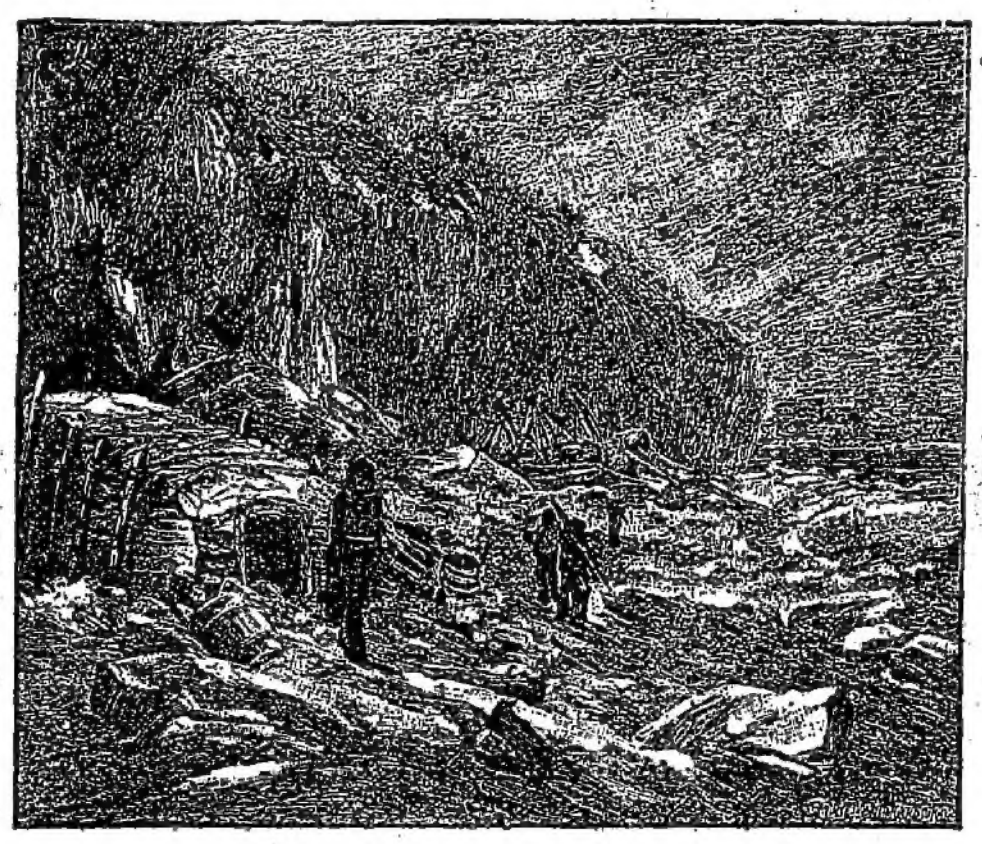
These dreadful days are happily past and gone. Few lives are lost on Anticosti now. Four fine light-houses send their cheering rays across the anxious mariner's path, signal-guns and steam-whistles sound friendly notes of warning when the frequent fogs dim the lights, and half a dozen telegraph stations at different points are ready to speed at once the news of disaster to the mainland by means of the submarine cable.

Where wrecks are plentiful, and the controlling hand of the law is absent, wreckers are sure to be plentiful also. Anticosti has been no exception to this rule. The island has had its share of those who did not hesitate to pursue this nefarious business.

From the earliest times the place has held out attractions to the fisherman and the hunter. The cod, halibut, herring, and other fish that it pays to catch, abound along the coast; huge lobsters play hide-and-seed among the sea-weeds, and very good salmon and trout may be caught in some of the streams, while round-headed, mild-eyed seals spend the greater part of the year sporting in the waves, or basking on the shore.

Then, away inland, there are, or used to be, bears, otters, martens and foxes, to be had for the shooting or trapping.

Coming first to fish and hunt, the fishermen and hunters in many cases stayed to play the part of wreckers. There was a good deal more money to be made out of the flotsam and jetsam that the storms sent their way than out of fish or fur, and they made the most of their opportunities.



WRECKED ON ANTICOSTI.

One thing, however, must be said in their behalf. They have never been accused of luring vessels to destruction by false lights, or of confirming their title to the goods cast up by the sea, by acting upon the principle that dead men are not competent witnesses in court, and by despatching any of the shipwrecked who might have survived the disaster. On the contrary, more than one unfortunate crew has owed the preservation of their lives to these very wreckers.

The most renowned of them all, a man of whom it might in truth be said that there was not a St. Lawrence pilot or a Canadian sailor who knew him not by reputation, or a parish between Quebec and Gaspe where marvellous tales were not told about him around the evening fire, was Louis Olivier Gamache. In these stories he figured as the beau-ideal of a pirate, half-ogre, half sea-wolf, who enjoyed the friendship and special protection of a familiar demon.

The learned and loquacious Abbe Ferland, in his dainty little volume of "Opuscules," which I hold in my hand, tells us about that wonderful Gamache, that, according to popular rumor, he has been seen to stand upright in the thwarts of his sloop, and command the demon to bring him a capful of wind. Instantly his sails were filled, though the sea around him was in a glassy calm, and away he went, while all about him were vessels powerless to move.

During a trip to Rimouski, he gave a grand supper to the devil. Aided by invisible assistants, he had massacred whole crews, and appropriated to himself the rich cargoes of their vessels. When hotly pursued by a Government boat sent to capture him, and just about being overtaken, both sloop and Gamache suddenly disappeared, leaving nothing behind but a blue flame that went dancing over the waves in mocking defiance of the disappointed minions of the law.

Upon such thrilling legends as these was founded the reputation of the "Wizard of Anticosti," and so generally were they believed that the genial Abbe assures us that the majority of the mariners in the Gulf would rather have attempted to scale the citadel of Quebec than to approach by night the bay where Gamache was known to have his stronghold.

We can put plenty of confidence in the Abbe, for in the year 1852 he had the courage to pay the Wizard a visit, and I am sorry that I have not room to give the full particulars of that visit as they are brightly presented by this ever-entertaining writer.

He found the terror-inspiring Gamache to be a tall, erect, and vigorous old man, with snow-white hair but piercing eyes, who came forward to meet his visitors with an easy, dignified bearing that betrayed no concern or troubled conscience.

His house appeared to be a perfect arsenal of deadly weapons. No less than a dozen guns, many of them double-barrelled, grimly adorned the walls of the first room they entered, and every other room up to the very garret had, at least, two or three more, loaded and capped; they hung upon racks, surrounded by powder-flasks, shot-bags, swords, sabres, daggers, bayonets, and pistols, in most imposing profusion.

The house itself was something of a fortress. Every possible precaution had been taken to prevent persons entering without the permission of its master. All the doors and windows were strongly barred and shuttered, and so complete were the defences that one man inside might have defied twenty outside. In the sheds, arranged in the most orderly manner, were long rows of barrels, bales, casks, and other gifts of the sea.

Such was the den of the dreadful wrecker, a man not one tithe so bad as wild rumor made him, but who, nevertheless, took pains to intensify the public feeling about himself, in order that he might be the more undisturbed in the solitude he had chosen for himself in that strange, wild place.

He had not always been alone, either. Twice had a woman been found willing to brave the rigors of his life for love of him, and in both cases they had succumbed to the terrible lonelinesss and desolation. His second wife died suddenly, while he was off on a hunting trip in mid-winter; and he returned, after a fortnight's absence, to find her frozen form clasping to its icy breast the bodies of their two little children, the one five and the other six years old.

"This is how they will find me some day. Each one in their turn. Ah! well—since she is dead we can only bury her."

That was all the strange, taciturn man said to his companion, a hunter who had been with him, and yet he had always shown his wife the greatest kindness and affection. It was not that he was heartless, but that he would rather have died than reveal the depth of his feeling.

He amused the Abbe very much by relating the various devices to which he had resorted in order to heighten his reputation for diabolic associations. He would go to a country inn, for instance, order a supper for two to be served in a private room, stating that he expected a gentleman in sable garments to share it with him.

When the supper was ready he would then lock himself up in the room, polish the supper off unaided, and summon the astonished landlady to clear the remains away, as he and his friend had supped and were satisfied. He would further increase their mystification by sundry rappings, and inexplicable openings and shuttings of doors.

He could also employ more sinister means of protecting himself when necessary. One day, when he was quite alone, a canoe glided into the bay, and presently a gigantic Montagnais Indian stepped ashore, armed to the teeth, and advanced with a firm step towards the house.

He was evidently crazed with fire-water, and Gamache felt in no mood to try a tussle with so brawny an opponent. Standing in the door-way, with a rifle in his hands, he called out, in his sternest tones:

"Stop! I forbid you to advance."

The intruder took not the slightest notice of him.

"Take another step and I fire," shouted Gamache. The step was taken, but before it could be repeated, the rifle spoke and the Indian fell, his thigh-bone smashed with the bullet. In an instant Gamache was beside the wounded man. Removing his weapons, he lifted him to his shoulder, and bore him tenderly to the house, and there nursed him until he was completely recovered.

Then, filling his canoe with provisions, he sent him back to his tribe, with a warning never to intrude upon Gamache again unless he wanted a bullet through his head instead of his thigh.

In 1854, Louis Olivier Gamache died, like his poor wife, alone and unattended. For weeks no one had visited his abode, and when, at last, some seafarers chanced that way they found only the corpse of the once dreaded Wizard, whose supposed league with evil spirits did not avail to save him from fulfilling his own prophecy.

The wrecks continue at Anticosti. Not long ago the shattered skeletons of four fine ocean steamers might have been seen upon its fatal shores, but with Gamache the reign of the wreckers ended, never to return.

A CLIMBER.

That boy who is keeping himself true when other boys are tempting him to be false, keeping himself lofty when other boys are tempting him to be base, is no toiler in a treadmill which he would be well out of if he dared but leave it. He is a climber of the delectable mountains, from whose height he shall see heaven and God. And, as he climbs, the promise of the vision is already making his dull eyes strong and fine, so that when the vision comes, he shall be able to look right into its deep and glorious heart. "Blessed are the poor in heart for they shall see God."—*Phillips Brooks, D. D.*

DUTIES NEVER CONFLICT.

Duties never conflict. God has but one duty at a time for any child of his to perform. If we are doing the one duty God has for us to do at the present moment, we are doing just right. If we are not doing that one duty, we are at fault, no matter how good or how important the work we are doing. And we need have no question as to what is our duty in God's plan for us.—*Sunday School Times.*

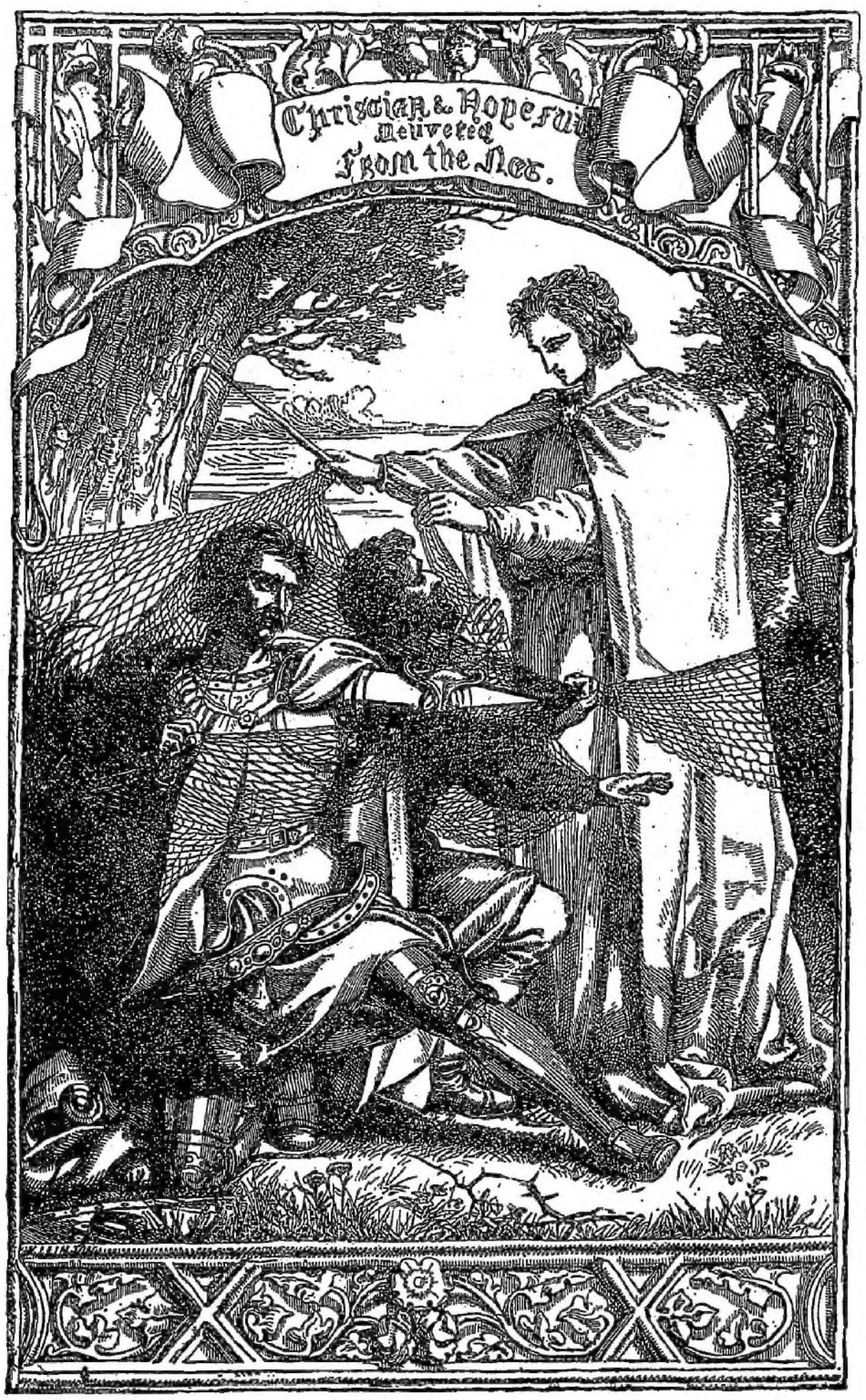
CHRISTIAN AND HOPEFUL DELIVERED FROM THE NET.

They went then till they came at a place where they saw a way put itself in their way, and seemed withal to lie as straight as the way they should go. And here they knew not which of the two to take, for both seemed straight before them; therefore, here they stood still to consider. And, as they were thinking about the way, behold a man, black of flesh, but covered with a very light robe, came to them, and asked them why they stood there? They answered, they were going to the Celestial City, but knew not which of these ways to take. Follow me, said the man; it is thither that I am going. So they followed him in the way that but now came into the road, which by degrees turned, and turned them so far from the city that they desired to go to, that in a little time their faces were turned away from it; yet they followed him. But by and by, before they were aware, he led them both within the compass of a net, in which they were both so entangled that they knew not what to do; and with that the white robe fell off the black man's back; then they saw where they were. Wherefore, there they lay crying some time, for they could not get themselves out.

Then said Christian to his fellow, now do I see myself in an error. Did not the shepherds bid us beware of the flatterer? As is the saying of the wise man, so we have found *it* this day, "A man that flattereth his neighbor spreadeth a net for his feet."

HOPE. They also gave us a note of directions about the way, for our more sure finding thereof; but therein we have also forgotten to read, and have not kept ourselves from "the paths of the destroyer." Here David was wiser that we; for, saith he, "Concerning the works of men, by the words of thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer." Thus they lay bewailing themselves in the net. At last they espied a shining one coming towards them with a whip of small cords in his hand. When he was come to the place where they were, he asked them whence they came, and what they did there? They told him that they were poor pilgrims going to Zion, but were led out of their way by a black man clothed in white, who bid us, said they, follow him, for he was going thither too. Then said he with the whip, it is a flatterer, "a false apostle, that hath transformed himself into an angel of light." So he rent the net, and let the men out. Then said he to them, follow me, that I may set you in your way again; so he led them back to the way they had left to follow the flatterer. Then he asked them, saying, where did you lie the last night? They said, with the shepherds upon the Delectable Mountains. He asked them then if they had not of the shepherds a note of directions for the way? They answered, yes. But did you not, said he, when you were at a stand, pluck out and read your note? They answered, no. He asked them, why? They said they forgot. He asked, moreover, if the shepherds did not bid them beware of the flatterer? They answered, yes; but we did not imagine, said they, that this fine-spoken man had been he.

Then I saw in my dream that he commanded them to lie down; which when they did, he chastised them sore, to teach them the good way wherein they should walk; and as he chastised them, he said, "As many as I love, I rebuke and chasten; be zealous therefore, and repent." This done, he bids them go on their way, and take good heed to the other directions of the shepherds. So they thanked him for all his kindness, and went softly along the right way, singing.—*Pilgrim's Progress.*



AN ANSWERED PRAYER.

CARLISLE B. HOLDING.

Benny was the youngest boy in the family, and for that reason was a favorite with his brothers when a child, and when he was older they loved him the more for his real worth and kindliness. His mother called him her "baby boy," even when he was so big that he put on his father's collars by mistake for his own. It is not right clear that this petting did not make Benny feel younger than he really was, and made him more childlike in his ideas and his actions about some things. He loved his mother as fondly as she loved him, and leaned on her judgment and yielded to her influence long beyond the time when most boys think they are in duty bound to cut the "apron strings" that bind them to their mothers.

But Bennie was skeptical on some points, and one was that God could and would answer prayer, and especially that he would answer it right away. One day, when talking to his mother on this subject, he said, with a tinge of haughtiness that was intended to show that he was thinking for himself, and though ready to learn from her he felt it his duty to give her the benefit of his own research and conclusions: "I believe in God, mother; I believe he can hear all I say, and knows even what I think before I say it. But he is not going to hurry along his work to accommodate me, if I should happen to ask him for something. Now, suppose I wanted a harvest apple in March, or a strawberry in December; suppose I was sick, and these would save my life; do you think God would set the harvest tree a blooming when the snow was yet on the ground, or thaw the sleet off the strawberry bed to accommodate me? Folks ought to be reasonable in their requests in prayer, and not pray for things out of season. At any rate, if they do pray for them, they ought to wait until the things get around in the ordinary course of events."

His mother smiled and said kindly: "Wait until you are older, Benny, and you will change your mind, perhaps."

"Older, mother? What I say is true and reasonable, and no lapse of time can change the truth or make reasonable things unreasonable!"

"That is so, Benny, but you can not measure the sky with a tape line, or weigh the earth in balances."

"Well, this is my proposition, mother, and I want you to remember it, so we will see how it comes out." (Benny was on the eve of going to college, and naturally indulged in pompous language that amused his mother.) "God does answer prayer, but he answers through natural processes and in seasonable times."

"I understand, my son," she said, with a smile, and went out, leaving Benny to his own thoughts, which were very complimentary to himself, above the old fogy notions of his mother. "Mother is good," he said to himself, "but she doesn't try to get away from the errors of her childhood."

Benny had been to college but one month when he wrote home, saying among other things:

"I get up mornings with a dull headache; don't want to eat; drag through the day, and go to sleep over my books at night. I believe I am lazy."

When this letter was read at home, his mother said:

"He is not lazy. He is overworking, and not taking enough exercise. I fear he will be down in bed soon."

The rest of the family went about their usual work, and thought no more of Benny's ills; but his mother at once busied herself with preparations for the possible home-coming of her "baby boy." The upper room was cleaned, freshened in many ways, and daily treated to sun baths from wide-open windows.

The usual weekly letter did not come the next week. The family said:

"Wonder why Benny does not write. This is the first time he has missed since he went away."

Benny's mother was not surprised that the letter did not come. She was not looking for any. That evening she said to her eldest son:

"Sam, if you can just as well as not, I wish you would put off that hunting expedition a few days, until we hear from Benny. He may be sick."

"Just as well as not, mother. You are not alarmed, are you?"

"Not at all, Sam; but if he is sick he had better come home, and I would like for you to go and bring him."

"The hunting will be better a few weeks later, any way," said Sam, reflectively.

Three days after, Benny was moaning and tossing in his bed at the boarding-house where the doctor called to see him.

"You are a pretty sick boy, my man, but I will get you out of this in a couple of weeks!"

"Couple of weeks!" exclaimed Bennie. "Couple of weeks! I have been sick a month already!"

"Be patient, and you will get well quicker. Three days are not a month, by a long shot," said the doctor, thumping his phials to make the ugly looking powders roll out.

"Ugh!" shuddered Benny. "Do I have to take more of that nasty stuff?"

"Unless you want to die," the doctor answered.

"In just clear water!"

"I can give it to you in muddy water, if you prefer," said the doctor, gravely.

"Ugh!" shuddered Benny again, and swallowed the bitter dose, remembering how his mother would have hidden the mixture in jelly or jam, and would have a glass of lemonade ready to follow the medicine.

"Doctor, can I go home?"

"Not for a week yet. You are at the crisis now, and must not be moved."

"Oh, dear!" sighed Benny, hiding his face in the pillow.

"Brace up! brace up!" said the doctor, sharply, and then added in a kinder tone: "I will be up to see you after dinner. If you need anything, ring the bell, and some one will come."

A very few minutes had passed when Benny rang the bell. He wanted to send a telegram home. He was sure he was

getting sicker every minute. The telegram was addressed to his mother, and said, briefly:

Can any one come? I am sick.

BENNY.

As soon as the message left his hand he commenced to wonder who of the family could come, or if any one would. His mother couldn't. His father was away from home. Sam had gone on a hunting expedition. His sisters would be of no help to him in that place, and the prospect was not bright for any assistance from home. He groaned and he cried. There was no one there to chide him, and he could not help it any way. He watched the shadow creep around in the window until he knew that noon had come, and felt the day was interminable. He refused the dinner that was brought to him. After a while the doctor came. He gave Benny another bitter dose, but it had an opiate in it, and after a little he slept heavily, and did not heed the lengthening shadows or the oncoming twilight.

Benny's mother received the telegram, and read it through eyes dim with tears of sympathy. She handed it to Sam, who read it with a smile. Looking at his watch, he said:

"I have just an hour to get the buggy and drive to the station. Will you pack some things in the valise?"

"The valise is already packed," his mother said.

"Then will you go with me to the station and bring back the buggy?"

"Yes; and I will be ready by the time you drive around to the gate."

The great gong at the tavern down on the corner was ringing out its harsh summons to supper when Benny awoke and turned over in bed, sighing heavily and saying to himself, though he spoke aloud:

"Oh, my head!" and tried to find an easy place for it, the meanwhile never once opening his eyes. No light was burning, but the reflection of the street-lamp made light enough.

"Sleep, Benny?" said a well-known voice, and the same instant a warm hand pressed his forehead tenderly.

"Oh, Sam!" cried Benny, and then sobbed in silence and in joy. Sam stroked his head tenderly, and waited for him to speak.

"How did you get here so soon?"

"Mother had everything ready, and when your message came I hopped on the next train, and here I am!"

After watching and nursing Benny for ten days, the fever had subsided, so it was thought safe to take him home.

That upper room never seemed fairer to his eyes than when he was helped into the easy chair at the front window. The bed was so white, clean and inviting; the books and papers on the table were his favorites; the pictures on the wall were those he liked best, and he knew it had all been done for his coming.

By-and-by his mother said:

"What can I get for your supper, Benny?"

"Don't ask me, mother. Anything you get will be good."

"But what would you like best?"

"Now, mother, don't tease me. You know my failing. I should like a nice spring chicken fried, but that is beyond all reason, and this the first of November! Spring chickens are old hens now."

"I have one for you," his mother answered. "As soon as I heard you were sick, I knew you would want that the first thing when you came home, so I searched all over the country until I found a woman who had raised a brood of fall chickens, and she let me have a couple, and one is now on the stove frying for you!"

"You are the dearest mother!" exclaimed Benny, ardently.

While she was downstairs busily preparing Benny's supper with her own hands, he was going over his experiences of the past few weeks and praising the love and care of his mother, who had so arranged that his requests, though unseasonable and unreasonable, should be granted as soon as made. And thus his prayer was really answered before it was uttered.—*Michigan Christian Advocate.*

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